

The

37256

PHONO GRAM

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F I F T H N U M B E R

SEPTEMBER

1900



PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
SOUND.

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The PHONOGRAM

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¶ The title of this periodical has been chosen for its peculiar significance; *φωνη*, PHONE, the voice, and *γραμμα*, GRAM, that which is written. In simple words, THE PHONOGRAM is a magazine devoted to the arts of recording and reproducing sound.

PICTURES OF THE TALENT

¶ My friend SHATTUCK, who publishes the PHONOGRAM, tells me that people are asking him if he can get Photos of the different people who sing and play for the Phonograph. So I have arranged with L. L. ROUSH (an exceedingly clever artist), to supply all such requests.

PLATINOTYPE PRINTS

OF THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE NOW READY

CAL STEWART BYRON G. HARLAN MR. OPENEER

OTHERS IN PREPARATION

¶ The prints are on heavy paper, requiring no mounting. Size, about 7 x 5 inches. They are made by a new process, and really might be called Photo-drawings. These drawings retain all the truth of a photograph combined with the

DELICACY OF AN ETCHING.

They are very artistic and novel and all that sort of thing; and are pronounced by people who like them to be even superior to the well-known Copley Prints.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH

¶ They are sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of the price. Of course I can readily understand that some people may think that one dollar is a good deal to pay for a photograph; but these photo-drawings are really ten times nicer than an ordinary solar print.

¶ If the pictures themselves do not convince you of their value, I return your money cheerfully; or, if you are a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM, I will send the prints for inspection, you to pay for those you keep.

JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.

¶ If you like the style of these pictures and want some of yourself, send me one of your ordinary photographs and Mr. ROUSH will reproduce your picture by his beautiful etching process for \$12.00 the half dozen.

We Sat Apart

*A LOVE FANTASY IN
FIVE STANZAS*

By **EUGENE LEE**



NEW YORK

Published by **AUGUSTE GIRALDI**

139 FIFTH AVENUE

MDCCC

A SENTIMENT.

Twenty-two years ago a friend gave me a rare Oriental Jar. Six months ago the cover was broken by accident: when, from a hitherto unobserved concealment, there fluttered a yellowed scrap containing this verse.

Herbert, fill this little Pot
With Roses or Forget-me-not
Or if this were too ill a deed
Then put therein the Fragrant Weed.
And when you puff the filmy Cloud,
And silent muse or dream aloud,
Think then of me and Friendship's Tie
And Pray *our* Friendship ne'er may die.

WHO HAS EVER HEARD OF A PHONOGRAPH TYPEWRITER?

An Advertising Fable, after George Ade.

About Some Years Ago there lived a Doctor in Oshkosh, Wis., or not Far Away, who wanted to advertise himself for Certain Reasons. Now his Pile of the Long Green was not, and when he offered a Ninety Day Note Endorsed by Himself for \$4000.00 for the Back Page in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for One Time, Mr. Curtis gave him the Merry Laugh.

But he was not Cast Down. Not He.

So he thought up a Red Hot Scheme; and the way it went proved that he was a Pansy. He Made up his Mind that he would Invent Something and become a Second Keely now that Keely was Dead and the Graft

was open for Some One Else to Work. So he went to a Prominent Patent Lawyer to get some Points on the Inventions Market. Whilst he was waiting in the Great Man's Outer Office, he Observed a Fair Young Thing Poking Holes in the Alphabet with Great Dexterity, Be-times whispering her Notes to herself.

"You have a Snap, Pauline," quoth the Oshkosh One idly to Pass the Time.

"Nay Kind Sir" rejoined the Young Thing, "If I could but Talk to my Remington without Oscillating My Digits, 'twould be as Thou Sayest."

She was short on Intellect but long on Shape; had she been Fashioned Conversely she would have tumbled to the Great Truth that she had thus Unconsciously Voiced.

Then did the Man smite himself Violently on his Bald Spot. "Frank" said he to himself "Frank you have a Head like a Grape and a Forehead like an Ox. It shall be a Phonograph Typewriter."

Then did the Doctor Hie Himself Home and meditate for Four Days and Three Nights. And the Morning of the Fifth Day saw him emerge from his Profound Seclusion laden with Plans and Specifications and Strange looking Gimcracks.

To one machine shop he went with Much Mystery and gave an order for the making of an "Endless Chain Threshing Machine Tooth Gear" as he called it.

To another model maker he entrusted with Great Secrecy the Plans of an "Automatic Snag Hoister."

To Yet Another he gave an order for an "Electric Shuttle Bobbin" to be made on the Dead Quiet.

To a Fourth Mechanic he intrusted the making of a "Visible Alignment Vibrator"

With the Remaining Plans he tackled a Capitalist who had just Salted Down a Pile made in Brooklyn Rapid Transit and who Felt Good.

Then he Consulted a Milwaukee Patent Lawyer.

Then, To Finish, he told his Wife all about it. "Don't Breathe a Word, not on your Life" said the Doctor.

Then it all Happened just as he had Planned. The Accruing Publicity (for which he paid Not One Cent) was Enormous. To give you an idea I quote almost word for word from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

To become suddenly prominent in the public eye, says Doctor Frank of Oshkosh, Wis., is a catastrophe, the like of which he hopes never again to experience.

Since his name was mentioned in the Journal yesterday as the inventor of the machine which will transform sounds into typewritten words by means of a Phonograph and typewriter combined, he has been pounced upon in the middle of the night by a horde of newspaper men, his office has been broken into and his private papers ransacked by some over zealous person looking for information. His roll top desk has been slashed and cut by the prying knife of some inquisitive reporter. Everyone he ever knew or ever heard of has called to congratulate him, and his mail is becoming so large that he no longer is able to attend to his correspondence.

Mechanics in different parts of the city to whom he had let parts of the machine, telling them that they were parts of a dental drill or some other mechanism, have suddenly become very wise, and he has been compelled to call in all the work. Therefore things are at a standstill. He cannot make the metal model himself—electricity will not

work on a wood model—he is afraid to confide the plans to anyone who could make a machine, and he can't get it patented until he does. Consequently he is in deep trouble, and is anxious to have as little said about the wonderful machine as possible.

To a Journal representative this morning he said a little and what he did say lent an atmosphere of certainty to the rumors which were published regarding what the machine was expected to perform.

“It is an idea on which I have been working for some time,” said the Doctor, “and I have got it so far completed that I am sure the machine will be able to transform speech into written words. When the Phonograph was first invented I saw the possibility of using the impressions made on the wax cylinder in connection with a needle which would be moved by them over the keyboard of a typewriting machine. I cannot, of course, explain the principle of it now, because it is so simple that any one in possession of the idea could readily invent a contrivance which would do what mine will when it is finished. This newspaper talk has handicapped me more than any one has any idea of, and whatever I do now will be watched. At least I feel that way about it, and cannot have the parts made with any degree of safety.”

The Doctor is backed by one of the wealthiest men in the city and there will be no lack of funds to push the machine after it is once completed. It will be made so that it may be attached to any typewriter, although the machine will be sold entire also. A slight change in the keyboard of the machine is all that is necessary, and when it is put on the market the usefulness of the pretty

stenographer will be a thing of the past and a feeling of confidence will once more be restored between the good-looking office man and his wife.

And Here Ends the Quotation from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

Just How the Vibrations of the Human Voice are to set the Keys of the Typewriter in Motion the Doctor at this time Refuses to Disclose; but he says he has Convinced his Brooklyn Rapid Transit Capitalist of the success of the invention and will soon make Formal Application to the Patent Office and begin the manufacture of the machine.

He is a Daisy when it comes to Perpetuating the Bluff, and I think that Keely's Shoes are Occupied by the Proper Person. I was Kurious to know more of the Fonetic Details of the Kontrivance, so I Rote to him, Propounding the Following Hot Ones. "When is a Tale a Tail? Is the following Claws Wright? My Ant Knell was very vane of her blew I and her strait knows," to which he replied very promptly, evidently Discerning that I was a Knowing One. His Letter was Chuck Full of Glittering Generalities, reminding me both in Style and in Spelling of my Esteemed Friend Elbert Hubbard. It was a Typewritten Letter evidently Done into Print on a More or Less Perfected "Phonotypewriter" as he calls it. Things were spelt funny. Signefyed, tirms, verious, erlyest, suppli (the *italics* are mine) and Many Others; all of which Convinced Me that the Bluff was still in Good Working Order.

MORAL: There are other ways of advertising than using the Big Magazines.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC TO CURE MELANCHOLY.

There's not a mother in the whole world but knows how benificent is the influence of the lullaby in inducing the sleep of infants. This is an axiom. And if for infants, why not for those of maturer years.

It is a fact that mental disease is now cured by the artificial inducement of pleasant dreams. Beautiful and harmonious colors and Phonograph music are the means whereby these dreams are induced.

It is well known that bad dreams have a disastrous effect on mind and body. The worries of waking life pass into the dreamer's consciousness, and there continue their evil work. The bad dreams are recalled in the waking hours, and thus prolong their deadly career.

It has long been recognized that music and objects agreeable to the sight have a beneficial effect.

The music and color treatment banishes bad dreams, arouses agreeable ones, restores the tone of the brain and consequently improves the physical condition.

The treatment begins during the moments of drowsiness that precede sleepiness. The soothing impressions are received into the brain, and there produce a happiness, peace and harmony that subsequently show themselves in the improved mental and physical condition of the patient when awake.

The following is an interesting account of the experiments of Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York, as given in a recent issue of Werner's Magazine.

The problem was, as Dr. Corning states it: "Is it

possible to revive the emotions in those who, from disease or overwork, no longer respond to natural stimuli?"

Music has been frequently invoked, even in the most ancient times, for the cure of insanity and disturbances of the nervous system. As Ribot says: "While certain arts at once awaken ideas that give a determination to the feelings, music acts inversely. It creates dispositions depending on the organic state and on nervous activity, which we translate by the vague terms, joy, sadness, tenderness, serenity, tranquillity, uneasiness. On this canvas the intellect embroiders its designs at pleasure, varying according to individual proclivities."

Seeking to avoid the melancholy images and ideas which persons dominated by depressive moods arbitrarily attach to any melody grave or gay, Dr. Corning resolved to try the effect of musical influence while the patients were asleep. First, because in the state between sleeping and waking the mind is peculiarly open to the full suggestive force of impressions, because power of inhibition attendant upon complete consciousness is absent; and second because he believed, with Buccola, Boudet de Paris, Vigouroux, Morcelli, and Mortimer Granville, that music is medicine because of actual vibrations imparted to the brain itself, and hoped that these vibrations during sleep would modify the emotional character during the waking state.

It has long been recognized that distressful dreams frequently give rise to insanity, the subject being liable to confound the dream with reality. If by auditory stimuli the dreams could be made pleasant and elevating, what would be the result upon patients suffering from disturbance of the nervous system? There are persons that dream

readily at whispered suggestions, but the mere bending over the sleeper, the play of one's breath upon his face or a miscalculation as to the elevation of the voice is often sufficient energy to awaken him.

Dr. Corning devised a hood of soft leather or canvas to cover all the head but the face. The material is cut away at the ears so that they may protrude freely. A metallic saucer, just deep enough for comfort, whose broad flange was perforated so that it could be sewn fast to the hood, was attached, one over each ear. The saucer had a central aperture ending in a metallic nipple to which was attached a small rubber tube going to a Phonograph, which is in an adjoining room. The patient's couch is enclosed in a sort of tent of dark drapery. At the foot of the bed is a small white screen. At the head of the bed the tube of a stereopticon projects through the curtains and throws upon the screen at the foot chromatoscopic figures, those revolving colored wheels so often used at the end of a magic-lantern show.

These hold the attention and subsequently weary it so that sleep comes. The light is then shut off but the Phonograph keeps on playing.

"Harmony," says Dr. Corning, "is more effective than melody for this vibratory plan of treatment, and for this reason Wagnerian compositions render excellent service. Arpeggios and minor chords are exceedingly effective."

He reports cures in a marked case of neurasthenia; a very obstinate case of insomnia where the patient was rapidly growing more taciturn, more irritable and solitary; a case where a naturally superstitious nature had become convinced that his nightmares had an occult origin; a

case where questions like : "What is the meaning of life?" would obtrude themselves without suggestion into the mind, occasioning the deepest melancholy ; a case of extreme nervous irritability caused by rapid growth and puberty and several cases of hysteria, particularly hysterical palpitations of the heart.

Says Dr. Corning : "While the results obtained are, I believe, quite convincing, they do not justify the advocacy of this plan of treatment as an exclusive measure."

MEAN OR SMART—WHICH?

The doctor's night bell rang violently.

It was half past one in the morning.

It was raining hard.

The doctor stubbed his toe against a rocking chair on his way across the room, and swore softly. "Who's there," he shouted opening the window.

"Thank heavens," said a voice from the pitchy blackness below. "Thank heavens, I've found some one at last. What will you charge to go right away over to Ed. Williamses place?"

The doctor's heart sank. A half mile to the Corners and two miles along the river road. "Is it important? Won't it wait till morning?"

"Must come now," said the voice, "but how much?"

"Two dollars," said the doctor. His conscience would not permit him so take any advantage in the hour of need and suffering.

Four minutes and he was at the door. "Where's your wagon," said he.

"Footed it," said the stranger, "horse was lame."

Together they hooked up the Doctor's gig.

"You don't know me," said the stranger, "here's your two dollars."

The doctor protested, but the man persisted. "Know the way?" said he. The Doctor said yes. "All right," said the stranger, "I'll catch a bit of sleep."

So they jogged on.

And finally reached the house described by the stranger.

The doctor shook his companion to rouse him. Once awake the man hopped nimbly from the gig. "Good night and much obliged," said he.

"But where's the sick man?"

"Sick nothing," said the stranger, "I didn't say anything about anybody's being sick. The hackman at the depot wanted a five spot to bring me over and I knew I could beat his price. Good night."

And before the Doctor could gather together his really choice vocabulary, the man was gone.

"I've had a couple of Phonographs stolen," yelled a music dealer as he rushed into the station house.

"Never mind," replied a detective, "I'll get the thief. It's a single man."

"How do you know?"

"Because no married man would steal a talking machine."

***THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in May number.)

CHAPTER II—PROPHECY.

Then again in 1844, Captain Matthew F. Maury (the famous hydrographer, the father of the United States Weather Bureau of to-day) wrote to a friend: "What a pity it is that M. Daguerre, instead of Photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet at a piece of paper. Instead of saying 'I wrote you a letter, the phrase would be 'I spoke you a ream.' " The prophesying becomes more exact as the time for the invention draws nearer.

Again, in 1855 (to quote from that happy essayist, George Parsons Lathrop) in an obscure book called "Helionde, or Adventures in the Sun," there was printed another allusion to a supposed invention of the same sort, to this effect. "Aleutedon here informed me that authors had no occasion to employ manual labor in their publications, for they had only to repeat their ideas aloud, and the vibrations of the air differing accordingly to the words used, set in motion a very delicate machinery, which stamped indelibly the language expressed. Copies could afterward be taken in any number." It is interesting to note that even the terms used to express these predictions are closely allied to the true facts of the invention.

Again, we find in 1875, that Jean Ingelow wrote a fairy tale in which there figures a strange instrument called a

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"Acoustigraph" which recorded music of all kinds, and reproduced it most weirdly and wonderfully. These instances may or may not be called prophecies, but they are wonderfully akin to a supernatural foreshadowing of the coming event, which is now to happen so soon.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

A CONVERSATION

Between Mr. Openeer and Me.

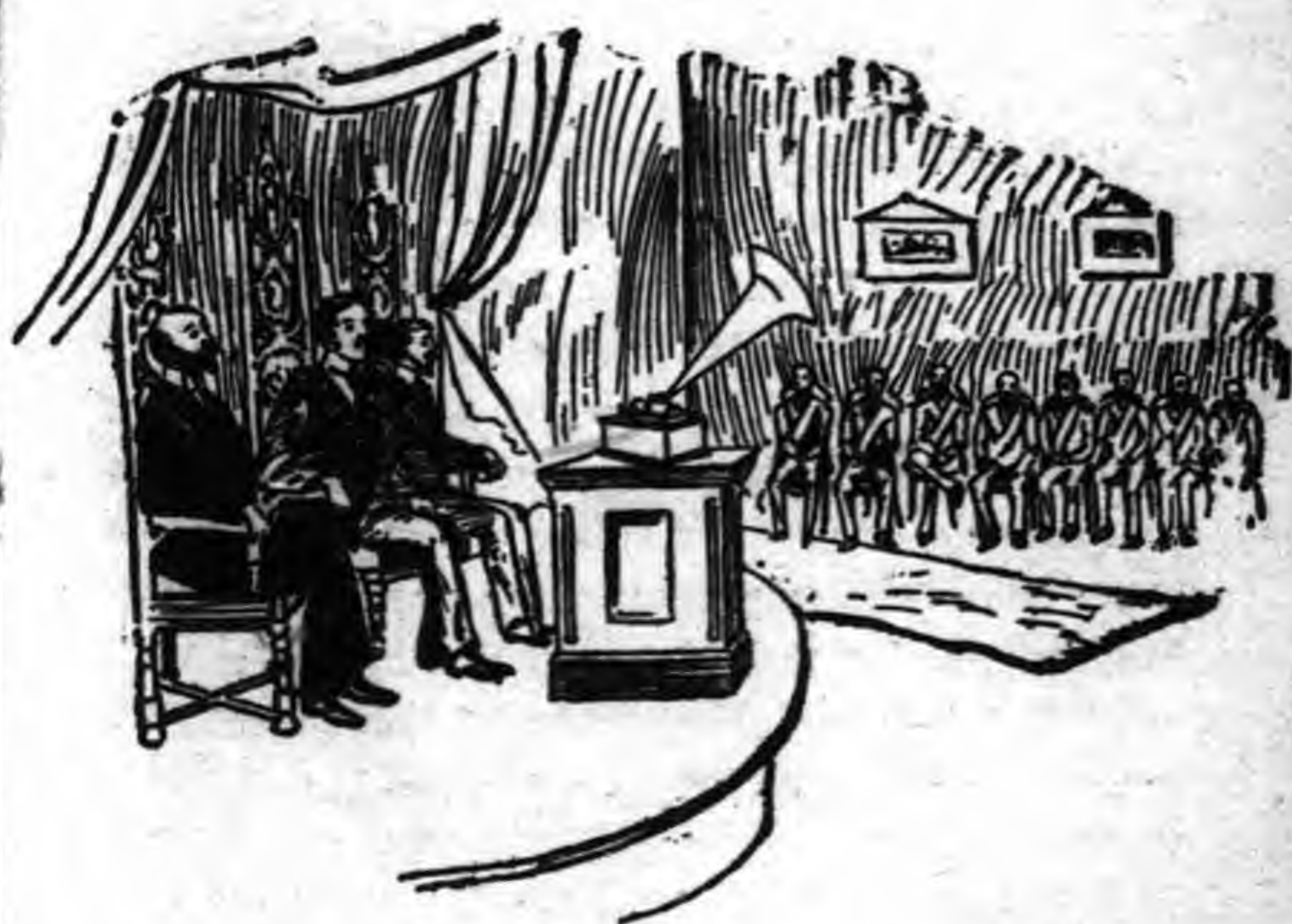
"Openeer" said I one evening as I sat on his front porch, "Tell me what you know about Masons."

Mr. Openeer smiled. Whenever I make a *massé* shot like that, he knows I'm desperate and want to score some Phonograph points; so he promptly started that gifted flow of experiences, facts and fiction that has doubtless caused Mrs. Scheherezade to turn in her grave and wish she might retell her thousand and one tales in twentieth century English, so as to be in it with Openeer.

"The first time I ever heard of a Phonograph being used in an initiation was during a visit to Mystic Lodge in the town of"—he paused—"Itsfield, Ohio (with a wink) and since I know you're keen enough after facts to write down all I say and even publish it for the benefit of your readers, I'm not going into any particulars whatsoever." He came to a full stop, and I began to plead with him; but he shook his head.

"No, I'm a Mason in good and regular standing and I don't propose to make a cheerful idiot of myself even for you; but the fact is the Phonograph *has* been used in an initiation and it was a great old time, I can tell you. But

G



G for GRAND MASTER
 A lodge room, you note
 First they lull you to sleep
 Then they bring in the goat

there are other facts along this line that I *can* tell you all about, if you're interested. Phonographs are being used as entertainers every night all over the Country, wherever Lodge meetings are held and entertainment is required, and they always make lots of fun. I was at Pittston, Pa., once on business and visited the Sons of St. George Lodge; they were just starting for Avoca in a body to have a pow-wow with the Rose of the Valley Lodge, so I went along. After the regular business had been transacted, we had a combined literary and gustatory entertainment in which the Phonograph was a star performer, and we had a jolly time all around. Another time I was down in Boston and went out to Somerville to spend the night with my friend Kidder, then a Grand Dictator in the Knights of Honor. He took me to a joint indentification meeting of the Warren and Winter Hill Lodges; where a Graphophone held forth to all the Knights far into the night. A prominent feature of the jollification was a short address by an absent member who sent his regards on a cylinder. It was almost as good fun to listen to his speech, over and over, as Chauncey Depew's long distant telephone speech was to the New York Union Leaguers, to whom he talked, by wire, from Washington. These are the only three times that I've actually been present when a real talking machine has been used, although Heaven knows I've heard men talk who were every bit equal to the real machine in grinding out their everlasting addresses. Some men can't help being first class bores. But it's funny how those three experiences seemed to make me take notice of news items of the kind every time I picked up a paper in the little towns I visit. I've kept a record of most of

them in my scrap book—come in and I'll show you" so we went inside to his library. He took a little volume from his shelves which he said was an index. Turning to L he ran his finger down a column to Lodges, opposite which appeared the figures 8-127. In another moment he had taken scrap book number 8 from its place, and turning to the proper page, he went on.

"Last Fall I was in Newburgh, N. Y., and I picked up a copy of the *Register*. It contained a very interesting account of the meeting of Olive Branch Lodge K. P., at which my friend Captain Baxter used his Phonograph with great success. And here's another clipping from the Portland, Me., *Express*. "Bayard Lodge K. P., South Portland, had a very successful Phonograph entertainment last evening." "That's just a sample" he went on "of the way the instrument is being used all over the Country. I won't bore you by reading all the clippings that make mention of similar entertainments. See—here's page after page of them. But while I'm talking of my trip down in Maine, I'll tell you of my barber shop experience. I had business out at Knightville, and went into Lew Hutchinson's to get shaved. Everybody knows Lew there, he is a character. Just as I settled down into my chair I heard the unmistakable strains of 'Smoky Mokes,' and lifting my head I spied a Phonograph over in the corner of the shop. I tell you it's quite a scheme. Look!" He opened his index book to B, found Barbers, book 11, page 6. Then he read to me the following, showing that this fraternity, as well as Masons, Knights and Companions, recognizes the value of the Phonograph; also showing what a thorough Scrap Book Habit he has formed, and also showing his indefatigable interest in talking machines.

H



H is a HAIRDRESSER
Hypnotizing his prey
A *Phonograph* using
In an up-to-date way.

"Barber Houlihan, of Greenville, has placed a Phonograph in his shop for the amusement of his patrons. In doing this kindness he hopes to avoid the use of ether and charm his victims to sleep while under his torture."—From the *Pascoag, R. I., Herald*.

"A Phonograph has been put in the Hanover barber shop by the proprietor, which is very much appreciated by the patrons. They forget their troubles for the time being."—From the *Jackson, Mich., Press*.

"J. J. Schuster is exhibiting a Phonograph in his barber shop. Joe is thinking of making it a permanent fixture in his shop, so as be able to give his voice a rest, as it has been in constant use ever since he came to Bradley."—From the *Bradley, S. D., Globe*.

"'Just One Girl,' the popular ballad, 'All Coons Look Alike to Me,' also a very fine cornet solo, as played by the Edison Grand Concert Band are the latest records that J. H. Bennett has added to his Phonograph outfit, at his barber shop."—From the *Enfield, N. H., Advocate*.

"John Beron of the Wendell barber shop has an attraction that is in great demand. It is a talking machine."—From the *Pittsfield, Mass., Journal*.

"Over in Alpha, Barber Kelly is entertaining his patrons with a Phonograph."—From the *Woodhull, Ill., Dispatch*.

"All of which goes to show" said Mr. Openeer as he closed up his scrap book with a snap, "what a wonderful all around instrument is the Edison Phonograph. It is all things to all men; and no one can tell what new use will be found for it. For my part I believe that this year of 1900 finds the Phonograph not yet out of its infancy."

To which I assented.

HERBERT A. SHATTUCK.

"Barber Houlihan, of Greenville, has placed a Phonograph in his shop for the amusement of his patrons. In doing this kindness he hopes to avoid the use of ether and charm his victims to sleep while under his torture."—From the *Pascoag, R. I., Herald*.

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PROPOSALS BY PHONOGRAPH.

We are pained to announce that the first proposal by Phonograph has proved a failure so far as hymeneal results are concerned. Now, really this is no laughing matter. While to the frivolous and light-minded it may seem a cue for ribald cachination, to the sociologist and student of political economy it is fraught with great consequences. The reluctance of modern young men to enter into the married state is already a cause of acute alarm in Europe. The Hessian diet has levied a tax on bachelors, in the hope of driving them into matrimony, while the French government, frightened at the failure of that nation to increase and multiply, not only cares for weakling infants, but practically offers rewards for the most prolific families. In this country it is estimated that the bachelors already outnumber the old maids, which is quite a reversal of conditions since the earliest colonial days, when wives, like other luxuries of life, had to be imported.

Without going into the intricacies of the case, we are convinced that the difficulty lies in the diffidence of modern young men when it comes to propounding the fateful question. The new woman is a much more formidable proposition than her grandmother, or even her mother, and the modern youth is painfully sensitive to ridicule. He cannot bring himself to kneel at his lady's feet in the good old-fashioned way not only because it would take the crease out of his trousers, but for fear of being laughed at. Proposal by letter, has its dangers and disadvantages. It is related that Lord Byron wrote such a poetic proposal that he was sorry to waste it, so he sent it to the first young woman who came into his mind. The result was a most

unhappy marriage. Moreover, it seems necessary for the suitor to present his petition orally, in order that the lady may learn from the vibrations of his voice and the number of times he finds it necessary to clear his throat the depths of his love.

Therefore we welcomed the Phonograph as an invention especially adapted to cases of this kind, achieving all the effect of a viva voce proposal with none of the painful concomitants of a personal interview. Van Biene, the 'cello virtuoso and alleged actor, was the first gentleman of note to put the Phonograph to practical use as a means of relieving a surcharged heart and making known his matrimonial inclinations. The object of his affections was his erstwhile leading lady, and to her he used to play his most languishing airs. But the 'cello is not a graceful instrument at best, and the pose of the performer while playing it precludes embracing anything else at the same time. Moreover, Van Biene had a habit of closing his eyes when he played, and was therefore unable to enforce the meaning of his music with languorous glances from his melting orbs. In this dilemma he bethought of his Phonograph into which he recited all the passionate outpourings of his heart and forthwith sent it to his inamorata.

The lady listened enraptured to the musician's burning words of love as ground out by the Phonograph, and, imagination being stimulated thereby, pictured him as a gallant of the days of chivalry instead of a lantern-jawed Dutchman with hair like a Yorkshire terrier. The lady listened and was lost. She accepted the ingenious professor, and for a time all went merry as a wedding bell. But somehow or other this Phonographic courtship never came to a

climax. Possibly Van Bieue did not fill enough amatory cylinders or perhaps he failed in his personal love-making. At any rate, the lady repented and called the match off. Hence our hopes of a change of the present deplorable social conditions (through mechanical courtships and proposals by Phonographs) are dashed to the earth. There seems to be no hope for bashful bachelors unless some genius will invent a matrimonial nickel-in-the-slot machine.
—From the *Washington Post*.

ADVICE TO ENGAGED GIRLS.

"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband, remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. "In fact I have him right under my thumb."

"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl.

"You mistake me, my dear, It's a mental, not physical subjection."

"Would you mind telling me just how?"—

"Not a bit! Always glad to help any one steer clear of the rocks. First of all you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears 'em in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a Phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous I just turn out a record or so. Heavens, how he does rave, but he can't deny it! They always will though if you don't have proof positive."

"Thanks!" gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "I'll get a Phonograph this very day."—From the *New York Journal*.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month I am a Blue Bird. The same bird as heretofore, same scrit, scroll or screed in my beak, strangely superposed on the same queer bush; only a change of plumage. Last month, as a Snow White Dove, I was a great success. There were sixty thousand PHONOGRAMS printed and circulated in August. Just think of it! It took I don't know how many tons of paper to print the edition, and I flew all over this country and abroad too. Replies from the MAY PHONOGRAM have come from Brazil, Russia, England and one from India. I think my Woodpecker must have had a strain of Carrier Pigeon interbred, judging from distances.

¶ I wish to call the attention of my readers to the list of new records which appear from time to time in the PHONOGRAM. This is to be a special feature of my little magazine and I will remind you that the way to be posted and to keep posted in the matter new records, is to subscribe at once, and make an immediate complaint at headquarters when you don't get your paper each month. Hereafter the PHONOGRAM will be mailed the first day of the month in which it is dated; so, Mr. Subscriber, you should get it during the first week or second week or third week, or later, according as your home is in Greater New York, Denver, Portland, Honolulu or Chefoo.

On with your dimes. Stick three on your visiting card and write "send it."

¶ My Guessing Contest, as mentioned in August issue, has excited more interest than I imagined (chiefly regarding the ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM of which I shall speak later). Briefly, the conditions are these. Each guess as to color of my next month's bird must be

made in the name of a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM. As many guesses may be entered as are accompanied by new subscriptions (each with three dimes attached). He who shall successfully penetrate the mystery of the color of my next month's bird will be required further to contribute an essay of two hundred and ninety-nine words, no more, on some Phonograph Theme that is dear to his heart; the merit of which shall determine his eligibility to the ORDER. All such essays are to become my property, and will be published in the PHONOGRAM for the edification and enlightenment of future readers. Thus it will be seen that the purpose of the PHONOGRAM is a lofty one. Not only is it to be a monthly bulletin of new records, but it also aims to become a medium for the interchange of talking machine ideas and news.

The PHONOGRAM's competition, therefore, has a dignity that is thoroughly dignified, and in keeping with the scope of the publication.

¶ Speaking of "scope" reminds me of a certain paper that I once ran across that bore a date of issue four months prior to its date of publication. From one point of view it made no difference whatever, as the reading matter was in the nature of news items that were either like axioms or would keep indefinitely without regard to time. But once the editor chronicled the birth of a son to an influential citizen. There he fell down. It was embarrassing. All anachronisms should be avoided—especially where the birth of a son is chronicled four months before he is born.

¶ To come back to the competition. To the successful penetrator of the bird-color mystery shall be awarded a Decoration and Certificate of Membership in the ORDER.

The Decoration is a Prize, as a Reward of Merit for the Theme of two hundred and ninety-nine words (no more). Every Certificate of the ORDER is registered, and is printed in purple, black and gold on fine vellum. The Decoration is a badge of the ORDER—a bird of such color as my jeweler may elect (bearing in its beak a white scrit or scroll) superposed, with a large black S on a golden bush.

¶ The *Order of the Phonogram*, as may be inferred from the foregoing, is a Society for the Mutual Good and Theoretical Advantage of all Talking Machine Owners. We who are in it from the start are all lovers of the Phonograph. I organized the Society. It has no rules or by-laws; they will come later. It has *Two* active members already, and some honorary members, whose names I shall publish in a subsequent issue. The first active member was my friend MR. OPENEER; who, as an Ideal Enthusiast is always in the front ranks. No sooner had he received the August number, than without waiting for particulars, he sent me this characteristic telegram:

Dear Shattuck:

I guess Violet Indigo Blue Green Yellow Orange Red.
Send Decoration and Certificate. Collect.

Openeer.

Thereupon I sent him a bill for the charges and a copy of the terms and conditions, then in the hands of my printer. To which he replied with a letter of apology, containing seven subscriptions (two dollars and ten cents enclosed), a clever MS. entitled "Who Has Ever Heard of a Talking Fire Alarm" (which I will publish soon) and the amount to pay for telegram. Needless to say his rainbow

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SOME RECENT MOVING PICTURES.

Events of the day are now to be had for the moving picture machines that have become so popular.

River Scene, Macao, China

Shanghai Street Scene

Landing Wharf at Canton

Street Scene in Hong Kong

Canton River Scene

Shanghai Police

In these street scenes are shown the compounds similar to those in Legation Street, Pekin, which were recently sacked and burned by the Boxers.

Battle of Mafeking

English Lancers Charging

Capture of Boer Battery by British

Boers Bringing in British Prisoners

Boer Commissary Train, Trekking

Charge of Boer Cavalry

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gig won ; and my September Bird being Blue, he gets the Decoration and Certificate all right, as he complied with all conditions including the Theme. I sent him his Badge immediately and he says he regards it as ample remuneration for his MS., which of course is just what it is, i.e. : pay for value received.

The second member is CAL STEWART who wrote as follows :

Dear Friend Herbert :

I calkilate its red, white or blue.

Yours trewly,

Uncle Josh Weathersby.

To him also, I promptly sent a copy of the conditions, and he as promptly sent three names, ninety cents and a contribution of several hundred words, which, being all good, I shall chop up into multiples of 299 and publish in sections. He gets his Decoration and Certificate in due time.

Here, therefore, is the Roll of Honor of the ORDER :

MR. OPENER.

CAL STEWART.

and who will be the next ?

NEW EDISON RECORDS

- | | | |
|------|---|-------------------------------------|
| 7511 | 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia | Church Chimes |
| 7527 | My Little Georgia Rose | Church Chimes |
| 7528 | A Picture no Artist can Paint | <i>Violin</i> Hager |
| 7529 | Gabie | <i>Comic Song</i> Favor |
| 7530 | I don't care if I never wake up | <i>Comic Song</i> Newton |
| 7531 | The Owl and the Pussy Cat | Male Quartette |
| 7532 | Kathleen Mavourneen | Male Quartette |
| 7533 | On the Levee | <i>A Novelty</i> Edison Band |
| 7534 | Just Think this Over | <i>Comic Song</i> Denny |
| 7535 | Here's to the Rose | <i>Sentimental Song</i> MacDonough |
| 7536 | That Minstrel Man of Mine | <i>Song</i> Denny |
| 7537 | Her Name is Rose | <i>Sentimental Song</i> Mahoney |
| 7538 | Einstein on the Ocean | <i>Comic, Jewish Dialect</i> Steele |
| 7539 | Just Cuddle in my arms and go to sleep | <i>Song</i> Kelso |
| 7540 | Baby's Prayer | <i>Male Duet</i> Madeira & Harlan |
| 7542 | Cold Feet | <i>Comic Song</i> Denny |
| 7543 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 1) | Steele |
| | "Imitations of John Kernell, also Mr. Dan Daly in short scene from 'Lady Slavey,' and Hebrew Monologues." | |
| 7544 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 2) | Quinn |
| | "With Irish Stories, ending with comic song and dance, telling of the family next door." | |
| 7545 | Leisure Moments Gavotte | <i>Banjo</i> Ossman |
| 7546 | My Department Store Girl | <i>Sentimental Song</i> Mahoney |
| 7547 | Polly and I were Sweethearts | <i>Song</i> Madeira |
| 7548 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 3) | Dudley |
| | "Impersonating Frank Kernell in imitations of Amateur Vaudeville Artists." | |
| 7549 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 4) | Collins |
| | "Introducing funny sayings, song choruses, dances, etc." | |
| 7550 | The Village Choir | <i>Comic Song</i> Dudley |
| 7551 | Mandy Lee | Male Quartette |

NEW EDISON RECORDS (*Continued*)

- 7552 Strike up the Band, here comes the Sailor
Comic Song Quinn
- 7553 Shultz's views on Geo. Washington *talking* Kennedy
- 7554 Shultz's views on Savage Mosquito *talking* Kennedy
- 7555 Sons of the Sea *Song* Harlan
- 7556 Vaudeville Specialty (No. 5) Denny
"Naming rules of Country Hotel, and ending with song, 'Aint you my Lulu.'"
- 12117 I'd Leave my Happy Home for you *Sung in*
German Watson

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

- B 444 My Dreams *Song* Campbell
- B 452 Flowers from the Garden of Life *Song* Campbell
- B 453 Sunday Sally *Song* Stanley
- B 454 An Innocent Young Maid *Comic Song* Stanley
- B 455 Magnetic Waltz *Song* Miss Ashton
- B 456 Love in Springtime *Song* Miss Ashton
- B 457 Coon Band Contest *A Trombone Eccentricity*
Peerless Orchestra
- B 458 Mandy Lee *Song* Campbell
- B 459 Little Black Me *Song* Campbell
- B 460 Minstrel, 1st part Minstrels
- B 461 The Blue and the Gray *Sentimental Song* Harlan
- B 462 Will I find my Mamma there *Sentimental*
Song Harlan
- B 463 Please Mr. Conductor *Sentimental Song* Harlan
Talking
- B 464 Shultz on the Man Behind the Gun Kennedy
- B 465 Shultz's attack on the savage Mosquito "
- B 466 Shultz on the Paris Exposition "
- B 467 Shultz's views on George Washington "
- B 468 Shultz at Delmonico's "
- B 469 Shultz has Malaria "
- B11067 Air de Lucie de Lammermoor *French Song*
M. Begue
- B11068 La Ronde du veau d'or de Faust *French* "
- B11069 Berceuse de Jocelyn *French* "